a few more minutes to live, and as he was passing out from the hotel the veranda fell upon him and crushed him to death.

We talk about the dumb elements, but it is hard for me to believe that they are dumb, and that the fire does not feel the warmth flowing in its own veins, and that the sighing winds have no sorrow, and that playing fountains experience no exhilaration, and that the light does not enjoy illumining the world, and that the sensitive plant does not feel your touch, and that the rose, with all its incense, does not worship. It seems that in these paroxysms of the mountains nature must suffer.

That night nine miles of the mountain changed. "The terraces," which had been the pride of the colonies, sank out of existence. No one but the infinite and the almighty could afford the obliteration of such resources of beauty and glory. The casting down of such altars and the annihilation of such temples would have been an iconoclasm that would have affronted the universe but for the fact that the Lord who made Tarawera and Rotomahana has a right to do what he will with his own, and the terraces, already beginning to reform, may be richer colored and loftier and more resplendent than their predecessors.

The loss to New Zealand of these white and pink terraces is what would be the loss of the Giant's causeway to Ireland, or the loss of the pyramids to Egypt, or the loss of Niagara falls to America. The exact physical causes of this upsetting and down tearing and mountain splitting I leave to geologists to guess about. Translating their scientific accounts into easier language, it seems that the mountains were stiff in their joints from long standing and went into play. For a great while they had enjoyed no fireworks, and that night they illumined New Zealand with rockets and wheels of fire. The hills went into games of leapfrog and ball playing and flying kites and boxing and general romp. They were exhilarated with a mixture of gases—sulphuric, phosphoric and carbonic—and forgot all the proprieties that mountains usually observe. But it was not a comedy. It was a tragedy of the mountains, and all the King Lears, and the Macbeths, and the Hamlets, and the Meg Merrilies of derangement and horror were that night on the stage, of which the belching fires were the footlights and flames hundreds of feet high were the gorgeous upholstery. Tornadoes of ashes. Furnaces seven times heated, in which walked the Deity. Grand march of God sounded by the avalanches. The earth bombarding the heavens. Dante's "Inferno" lifted into the terrestrial. Maniac elements tearing the clouds into tatters and grinding rocks under their heels. That night of June 9, that awful night in New Zealand, when the native settlements went down under the ashes of bursting Tarawera as completely as Pompeii and Herculaneum under the burial of Vesuvius, seemed to play accompaniment to the words of the old book, as much revered in New Zealand as in America, an accompaniment in full diapason, an earthquake with its foot on the pedal. "The perpetual hills did bow." "The mountains skipped like rams." "The hills melted like wax." "The foundations of the earth were shaken." "He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth."

That downfall of the New Zealand terraces was only a conspicuous circumstance in the history of the world. Mountains are mortal, and they write their autobiographies on leaves of stone. All the mountains of New Zealand were nursed in cradle of earthquake by a parentage of rock and glacier, and they will have their descendants. You cannot bury mountains unobserved. There must be black pall of smoke and dead march sounded by orchestra of elements, and thunders tolling at the passing funeral of hills, and spade of fire to dig their grave, and the discharge of all heaven's artillery at their burial, and the solemn and overwhelming litany sounded, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

You see it will be well for geologists to come to New Zealand. Ornithologists ought also to come. Last evening, although it is here midwinter—New Zealand's July corresponding with America's January, although far from being as cold—I was standing near a clump of trees which still kept all their foliage, and there were bird voices absolutely bewildering for numbers and sweetness. If the notes of the music there rendered by the winged choir had been written on each leaf, the rendering could not have been more dulcet and resonant. It would take more room and time than I possess to describe the ornithological riches of New Zealand. First of all, its extinct moa, whose skeleton stands in the museum of Christchurch—a wingless bird, or only apologies for wings, but 10 feet 7 inches high, neck like a giraffe and foot as wide as a camel's, this moa, the largest bird whose skeleton has ever been reticulated, its eggs the size of a small bandbox.

What the mastodon was among quadrupeds, and the ichthyosaurus was among fishes, the moa was among birds. But among the living birds in New Zealand's aviary are the whale bird, black on the back and white on the breast—morning rising from the night; the huiz, a sacred bird of the aborigines—but all birds ought to be sacred. The parson bird, so called because the white feathers round its neck give it the appearance of a "white choker;" the bell bird, with voice like a chime from the tower; the New Zealand pigeon, three times as large as the American pigeon and more beautiful only because it has more expanse of wing and feathers on which to be beautiful; the kea, that wars on the sheep, fastening itself on the back of the live sheep and not relaxing, but pecking its way through the wool and the flesh until the sheep is dead and the beak reaches the fat around the kidneys, for which this bird has a special appetite—a habit learned probably by pecking at the butchered sheep around the door of the shepherd's hut; the storm petrel, like a flake of the midnight; the crested penguin; the paradise duck, its name taken from the fact that its richness of color suggests the Edenic—and birds with all wealth of feather, and curiosity of beak, and eccentricity of habit, and defense of claw, and audacity of flight, and bearing all colors—the white running into crimson, like snow melting into the fire; the blue as if in some higher flight it had brushed against the heavens, or yellow as if it had nested among cowslips and buttercups, or spotted and fringed and ribboned and aflame until there are no more fountains of radiance into which they can possibly dip their wings. Oh, for some scientific gunner to do for New Zealand what Audubon did for America! But, what I never knew before, the native birds are dying out before the foreign birds that have been introduced, and the native flowers are dying out before the foreign flowers.

Although now New Zealand is so abundant in all styles of quadrupeds, it had not, when discovered, a single quadruped except the rat, and a foreign rat having been introduced the aboriginal rat has nearly disappeared. The English grass brought here has killed the native grass. The birds of America, Europe and Asia imported here have killed the birds of New Zealand. All the earth has been ransacked and all the botanical and ichthyological and ornithological and zoological worlds have been called upon to make up the present and the future of New Zealand.

Yea, come to this "wonderland," all who want to see enterprise and advancement. Daily newspapers, with scholarly men in editorial chairs and reporters capable of pumping interviews from the most reticent and cautious and make a sphinx speak. Two thousand miles of railroad. Over 1,600 schools, with compulsory education, building up intelligence for the present and affording no opportunity for ignorance in the next century. Baths, thermal and chemical, miles long and capable of putting an end to rheumatisms and sciatica and invalidisms that have defied the mineral hydropathics of the continents. Lake Taupo, so deep that no plummet has ever touched bottom and occupying the hollow of an extinct volcano, as a bright child might fall to sleep in the bed previously occupied by a grim giant. Yea, come to New Zealand, the naturalists, the artists and the students of men and things, and come quickly, for nothing remains here as it originally was except the mountains, and even the mountains, as on the night of June 9, 1886, when the walls of "the terraces" fell down at the blowing of the trumpets of terror, proved themselves no longer to be the "everlasting hills."

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The Perfect Man.

The right kind of man from Beersheba to Dan I sought with an infinite zest. From the end of the east my search never ceased till I came to the end of the west.

He's gentle and quiet and plain in his diet and never gets mad in a crowd. He's a tireless searcher for all kinds of "vircher" and never is boastful and loud.

He's modest and sweet, and he gives up his seat if a washerwoman enters the car. If he smokes out of doors, then the smoke he outpours always comes from a 10 cent cigar.

On the great tariff bill he will never talk till you wish he would languish and die. He's in love with his wife and stays so all his life and praises her pudding and pie.

And I sought for this man from Beersheba to Dan; I sought from the west to the east, but I'm sorry to say that he didn't come to stay, and he's long since defunct and deceased.—Yankee Blade.

He Got the Coat.

In the justices' court in Limerick a judge once found himself in a quandary. The dispute was about a coat, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants. After much wrangling Patrick Power, one of the parties, proposed that he and his opponent should see whose name was on the coat. This was agreed to, and after the other claimant had searched in vain for any mark Pat took the coat, and opening a corner of the lining with his penknife took out two small peas. "There, now, d'ye see that?" "Yes, but what of that?" "A dale it has to do wid it. It's me name, for shure—pea for Patrick and pea for Power."—Sussex Coast (England) Mercury.

An Incident of the War.

On June 3, 1864, a wounded Confederate soldier in a hospital in Richmond was dictating a letter to a little girl. "Tell my mother," said he, "that just as I tell I saw that grand old man, General Bob Lee, and I just felt as if it was a glorious thing to die then and there."

The little girl paused in her writing and said, "General Lee is my papa."

The surprise of the poor wounded Confederate soldier can easily be imagined.—Atlanta Journal.

Working Both Ways.

Truckman—Boss, I'll have to charge you $2 fur haulin these ashes away. It's more'n two miles to the dump, and the 'thorities won't let us empty 'em this side of it. They watch us mighty close.

Same Truckman (two hours later)—Cap'n, I'll have to charge you $2 fur this load of ashes. Everybody's puttin in these cement walks now and has to have fillin, and good ashes is mighty hard to git now, I tell you!—Chicago Tribune.

A Buttermilk Well.

Did you ever see a buttermilk well? I mean a well that yields buttermilk.

No, there are no buttermilk wells about here that I know of, but I saw one out in northern Indiana once. It was concocted with a creamery. There is no market for buttermilk there, and the inhabitants of the town, who can get all the buttermilk they want for nothing by simply going after it, never touch it. As fast as the great revolving churns have precipitated their wealth of golden butter the milky residuum is run off into the troughs that lead to the buttermilk well. From thence it is pumped up to feed hogs, being distributed by a system of troughs among the pens. These hogs are merely kept to utilize the buttermilk, which would otherwise go to waste, and the fatness of these animals so fed defies words. Very little else is given them. Buttermilk pork is said to be superior, especially when supplemented with corn.—New York Herald.

Religion and the Regulations.

The following story reaches me apropos of soldiers changing their religion: A soldier applied in the usual form to a certain C. O. for permission to change his religion. The C. O. was a little hazy about the regulations, but he was quite clear that there must be two parties to an exchange. "Very well," he replied. "I have no objection. But you must get a good man to exchange with you."—London Truth.

In the Newspaper Line.

Banks (in the newspaper line)—H'mph! Here's a squib credited to the Perkins Junction Banner that I wrote six years ago for The Daily Bread.

Rivers (fellow laborer)—Do you remember everything you have ever written?

"Of course I do."

"What a cave of gloom your memory must be!"—Chicago Tribune.

Some one has said that a diet of oatmeal and brown bread tends to promote the growth of the hair. However this may be, the diet is a good one for many more assured reasons.

Bicycle riders in Southland, Australia, are required to dismount 22 yards from an approaching horse and draw their wheels past.

Messenger Girls.

And now there is talk of substituting girls for boys at the district telegraph offices. At the Chicago headquarters of one of these companies the matter is being seriously considered, and the experiment will undoubtedly be made. If the change becomes permanent and general, the humorous writers will have to sharpen their pencils for a new theme.